

Seeing no other way of escape, it threw itself into a small water opening and dived time after time. While we were putting a noose on a rope the dogs rushed round the hole as if they had gone mad, and it was difficult to keep them from jumping into the water after the bear. At last we were ready, and the next time the creature came up it got a noose round one paw and a ball in the head. While the others drew it to the ship, I followed the mother's tracks for some way, but could not find her. I had soon to turn back to see if there was no prospect of moving the *Fram*; but I found that the ice had packed together again a little at the very time when we could generally calculate on its slackening. In the afternoon Hansen and I went off once more after the bear. We saw, as I expected, that she had come back, and had followed her daughter's funeral procession for some way, but then she had gone off east, and as it grew dark we lost her tracks in some newly packed ice. We have only one matter for regret in connection with this bear episode, and that is the disappearance of two dogs—'Narrifas' and 'Fox.' Probably they went off in terror on the first appearance of the three bears. They may have been hurt, but I have seen nothing to suggest this. The ice is quiet this evening also, only a little pressure about 7 o'clock.

"Monday, October 16th. Ice quiet and close. Observations on the 12th placed us in $78^{\circ} 5'$ north latitude.